

Litchfield Enquirer:
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING
BY PAYNE KENYON KILBOURN.

TERMS.—To village and single mail subscribers two dollars per year, payable before the expiration of six months. To companies of six or more \$1.50 per year, or \$1.25 if paid in advance. The subscriber of course pays the mail or stage charge for transportation. No papers discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the discretion of the editor.

ADVERTISING.—One square, three insertions, \$1, and the same proportion for more than a square.—Half a square, 75 cents. Continuance over three weeks 20 per cent. per week. A liberal deduction made for advertisements continued 6 or 12 months. Administrators' and Executors' Notices, \$1.00. Commissioners' Notices, 1.25. All communications must be post paid.

FRANCIS BACON,
Attorney at Law,
HAS resumed the practice of his profession in Litchfield, and respectfully offers his services to the Public.
Office over Dr. Buel's Store, next door north of the County House.
Litchfield, July 9, 1845.

HENRY B. GRAVES,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
Plymouth, Conn.

S. E. HARTWELL,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
Woodbury, Conn.
All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt and faithful attention. [2m16]

DENTIST.
R. B. MERRIMAN
OFFERS his services in Setting, Plugging, Cleaning and Extracting Teeth, at his Office No. 111 Street, five doors north of the Bank.

HATS!
THE subscribers have received the spring fashions for Hats, and are now ready to furnish their customers on reasonable terms at their new shop half a mile west of the Court House.
KILBORN & BRAMAN.
N. B. Cash paid for Fox, Mink, and Muskrat skins.

FOR SALE,
A Dwelling House with about two acres of land. Said house is situated in the village of Litchfield, on the east side of North-st., and is in good repair. There are upon the premises, two good wells of water, a convenient barn, and a few young trees of choice fruit. Terms of payment made easy, and possession given 1st of April. Enquire at the Bank of G. F. DAVIS.
Litchfield, June 24, 1845.

FOR SALE.
A FARM, containing 230 acres, well proportioned to Meadow, Plowland, Pasture and Wood-land.—Said Farm lies both sides of the road which leads from South Farms to Watertown, and is about two miles from the former place, and lies in the town of Bethlehem, two miles northeast from the Meeting House. There is on the Farm a large two-story Dwelling-House, suitable for one or two families; two large Barns, with suitable out buildings.—The Farm has been used for a Dairy Farm for thirty years, and will keep 30 Cows, a pair of Oxen, and a span of Horses, summer and winter; besides sufficient land to plough.—A liberal credit will be given for a good share of the purchase money, if desired.—Enquire of the subscriber on the premises.
DANIEL L. BENTON.
Bethlehem, Dec. 2, 1844.

R. MERRIMAN,
Clock & Watch Maker,
THANKFUL for past favors, would inform his friends and the public generally, that he still continues the business of Watch repairing, and that from his experience, skill and constant attention to this important branch of business, hopes to give general satisfaction, and receive a share of public patronage. Also, on hand, as usual, Watches, Jewelry, Silver Ware, Musical Instruments, Violin Strings, Tuning Forks, Shell Combs, Watch Oil, &c., which will be sold low to meet the times.
R. MERRIMAN.
Litchfield, 43

Messrs. ROUSE & PRATT,
BEING thankful for favors already received, would state to the public that no pains will be spared under their continuance of the business, in giving entire satisfaction to all who may see fit to continue their favors. Sateen, Plain Cloth, cotton and woolen Flannel manufactured; wool carding and cloth dressing done at any season of the year.
ELIJAH ROUSE,
H. M. PRATT.
Bantam Falls, June 16th, 1845.

PROTECTION
Insurance Company,
OF
HARTFORD, CONN.
THE subscriber having been appointed an agent of the above Company, offers to insure Houses, Stores, Mills, Factories, Barns, and their contents, and all other descriptions of insurable property, against
Loss or Damage BY FIRE,
at rates of premium as low as any other similar institution.
G. F. DAVIS, Agent.
Litchfield, January 2, 1845.

Travelling Map Agents Wanted.
THE subscriber wishes to engage in the sale of his Maps, a number of young men of strictly moral and business habits. A capital of from \$100 to \$300 will be necessary, and a certain district of country will be assigned to each Agent. Unexceptionable testimonials of character will be required.
S. AUGUSTUS MITCHELL.
N. E. corner of Market & Seventh st's, Philadelp.
Philadelphia, May 1845.

THE SKELETON PRISONER OF POMPEII.
BY PAYNE KENYON KILBOURN.

A recent tourist to Pompeii says—"Among the edifices, I visited the temples of Hercules and Jupiter, the hall of justice, and the prison, which has an inner dungeon like that into which Paul and Silas were thrust, and in which a skeleton was found with his feet fast in the stocks."

Who wert thou? grim and ancient skeleton!
Why lookest in such a questionable place?
Wert thou a criminal? and was there none
To soothe thy griefs, or share in thy disgrace?
Did the stern hand of Justice place thee there,
For crimes against thy country and her laws?
Was thine the assassin's arm? or didst thou dare
Boldly to speak in Truth's and Freedom's cause?

Perhaps thy tongue defied the despot's rod,
Or spake too freely of his favorite crimes;
Perhaps thou pleadedst for the "one true God,"
Against the idle worship of thy times.
The mob was roused—whose mad shouts rang afar,
And thou, perchance, the victim of its fury;
Yet all went up with thee to that dread bar—
Spectators, Judges, Witnesses and Jury!

Ah! who and whence wert thou? and whither fled
Thy vital spark, when the pale phantom came?
A bootless task to question thus the dead—
No answer cometh on the tongue of Fame!
Thou keepest well thy secrets, ancient one!
Perchance 'tis prudent thou shouldst keep them thus!
Yet, whoso'er thou wert—what'er thou'st done—
We know thou hadst a glory, once, like us.

Pride, hate, a thirst for glory, all were thine;
Love came and wooed thee at the twilight hour,
And thou didst dream of bright eyes round her shrine.
And forms unearthly in thy vine-clad bower!
We know thou hadst thy triumphs and thy wanings.
We know thy brow oft broke the snile and tear—
We know thou hadst thy laughter and complain-
ings,
But still we wondering ask, "What brought thee here?"

Death cancelled not thy bonds quaint skeleton!
Thou art a prisoner now, as thou wert when
The fire-storm whelmed the city of the sun,
And wrapp'd thee in the pall with freer men.
Proud realms have fall'n, and mouldered where they fell,
Millions have sought the dust through blood and tears,
Yet thou hast sat thus in thy lonely cell,
Upright and stern, through twice nine hundred years.

How rife with mystery have been thy ways!—
Time with its untold wrecks behind thee casting,
Thou hast descended to these latter days.
Oh, death-like emblem of the everlasting!
Thou'st reigned supreme within that prison dire,
Silent and awful in thy majesty!
Famine and earthquakes, pestilence and fire,
Have swept the earth—yet brought no change to thee!

The soul which wanders now through worlds unknown,
Above—beyond the scope of mortal ken,
Shall yet once more reclaim thee as its own,
Nor stocks, nor dungeon walls, may hold thee then!
There is a voice shall reach thy dull, cold ear,
Light shall again illumine each eyeless portal;
Companion of thy spirit's high career,
Thou shalt go forth to share the life immortal!

August, 1845. [N. Y. Sat. Emporium.
For the Enquirer.
TO J. B. E.
In the Spring of thy youth, when visions are rife,
And Fancy is gliding each scene around,
When hopes, that will vanish in after life,
Now cluster and gather our pathway around;

When the germs of affection, the first seeds of love,
Foretell the bright harvest before;
When heart beats to heart, and winged thoughts
From above,
Teach mortals from dull earth to soar;

How painful to part from those we have loved—
To speak that sad word Farewell!
To sever the cords which have bound us, and
proved
The sweetness of love's rosy spell!
Farewell!—I would that heav'n had given me
power
To shield thee from eye from ill;
To guard thy life, and make each hour
Calm as a summer rill.

I know that fate hath yet for thee
Her richest gifts in store;
That round thy future destiny,
Oblivion ne'er shall lower.
And Science, with her truthful breath,
Shall wait thy name on high,
As one who'll stem the waves of death,
And cheer the death-bed sigh.

But in the race of after years,
Say wilt thou e'er forget
That hour of mingled joy and tears,
When 'neath these elms we met? E.

Wages of Sin.—A few days since in Philadelphia, a young man whose whole appearance indicated a respectable parentage, presented at one of the Philadelphia banks a forged check, for fifteen hundred dollars, which was paid; but soon after, the officer of the bank suspecting its genuineness, pursued the unhappy youth, and had him arrested. He was greatly agitated, and endeavored, without success, to escape from the Mayor's office. Panting and exhausted, he was soon brought back, and sent to prison. He would give no information respecting his family or connections, but seemed deeply to feel his disgrace. During the night, he destroyed his life by means of opium, which he had concealed about his person, and thus rushed unprepared into an awful eternity! How impressive the warning! He had no doubt, in opposition to a parent's counsel, plunged into dissipation, to sustain which, he must have money.—Good principles had been undermined, and with rapid career, he hastened the downward path to ruin. How awful must have been his guilty feelings, how terrible his interview with his offended God. Young men, beware of the beginnings of sin! It may promise pleasure, but it will sooner or later sting like an adder.—Presbyterian.

Christopher Hughes, the late American minister at Hague, received, upon closing his relations with the Dutch government, a note from the Minister of Foreign Affairs, conferring upon him, by command of the King, the *Crux of the Commander of the Order of the Golden Crown*. Mr. Hughes, in his reply, thanked his Majesty for the honor thus intended to be conferred upon him, but declined the honor of the nomination, inasmuch as all orders of Knighthood are repugnant to the institutions of his country.

YANKEE TRICKS—A "LATE WAR" INCIDENT.
From Noah's Weekly Messenger.

Common consent stamped "Yankees," in their first days, as shrewd, incomparable tricksters, and common consent was pretty near right just at that time. Whether the Yankees are a match for opposition now, we leave to older and wiser heads to determine. We gained our independence by sheer force of arms. Now and then fortune would favor our side with a little extraordinary good event or circumstances, but not very frequently. It was fight twenty times where it was manœuvre successfully once. The English, always on the lookout for 'squalls' and 'Yankee tricks,' not unfrequently deceived themselves in the most ludicrous manner. In the month of May, 1814, Sir James Yeo, with a fleet of vessels to the number of thirteen, of various sizes, appeared off the mouth of the Genesee, threatening to annihilate Rochester and destroy every improvement and person in the vicinity.—Great alarm was created by this. Messengers were despatched at once throughout the country for aid. The people were aroused—like the fiery cross of Rhoderick Dhu, the summons sped, and what think ye was the result? In Rochester there were then just thirty-three people capable of bearing arms, and about a half a dozen came in to help them. Truly a formidable army to repel an English fleet, and oppose a clever off-shoot of the British forces. The first thing that the little band of Americans did, was to throw up a breast-work, rude and slight, near the deep hollow, beside the Lower Falls. This breast-work was called Fort Bender. They then hurried down to the junction of the Genesee and Lake Ontario, because there the enemy declared they would land. They left behind them two old men with several small boys, to remove the women and children into the woods in case the British should land for the provisions, and the destruction of the Bridge at Rochester.

The Rochester forces were commanded by Francis Brown and Elisha Fly, who acted as captains. Isaac W. Stone was appointed major. The Americans were elegantly accoutred in various garments, of shapes and makes almost antediluvian. No two men were dressed alike. No two men were armed with the like weapons. Certainly they all had fire-arms; but they were not fashioned in the same style.

The discipline of these troops was as curious as their costume and equipments. But if they displayed an awkward front to the warlike eye, they also exhibited sagacity and courage—two qualities quite as much needed as a pretty uniform and good tactics. The enemy watched the on-shore proceedings with considerable interest. They beheld, as they supposed, numerous bodies of militia marching to head-quarters, and preparing to give them a warm reception. To deceive the English, the 40 men marched and counter-marched incessantly through the woods, from point to point, in such a manner as to convince the soldiers in the vessels that the whole country was aroused and preparing for action. The English thought it high time to be cautious, and therefore sent an officer with a flag of truce to the shore.

One of the militia captains, with ten of the best looking and most soldier-like men, were sent to meet the officer. The men carried their arms as might be consistent with their plan of being ready for action, by keeping hold of the triggers.

The British officer was astonished. He looked all kinds of things utterable and unutterable, and with a swelling crest said:
"Sir, do you receive a flag of truce under arms, and with cocked triggers?"
"Excuse me, I beg," said the American captain, "we are not soldiers, only backwoods-men, and know more about felling timber and following the plow, than of military tactics," saying which, the American, to rectify his first error, ordered his men to ground arms!

This of course still more astonished the Briton. He looked indignant—then suspicious—then a little terrified—and at last delivered a brief message in considerable haste and incontinently sought the fleet again. He declared that the ignorance of the tactics was feigned to draw the commodore into some snare, and informed those who sent him, that some "Yankee trick" was under process of development.

The British wanted the spoils, but they were too suspicious to attempt a landing, if by making a compromise they would secure a part of them.—Accordingly another officer with another flag of truce, was sent to parley. Captain Francis Brown was this time deputed to receive the officer.—Brown took a guard with him.

The British officer looked very suspiciously upon Brown and his guard. He conversed with the utmost caution, and walked as though he expected to find a trap door or a springing mine beneath his feet. After spending a short time in conversation, the officer suddenly discovered that the width and clumsy aspect of Captain Brown's garments betokened something not exactly right. He thought that Mr. Brown was a regular officer of the American army, and that his regimentals were masked, for some stratagem, by clumsy and hastily made overclothes. Impressed with this idea, the Briton suddenly grasped Brown's pantaloons by the knee, exclaiming, half jealously, "What a pity such excellent cloth should be spoiled by a bungling tailor."

Brown smelt out the object of the officer's movement, and quickwitted, he carelessly replied—
"Oh! I was this morning prevented from dressing fashionably by my haste to meet and salute distinguished visitors."

The officer then made a proposition that if the provisions and stores which might be in and about Rochester were delivered up, Sir James Yeo would spare the settlements around.

"Will you accept and comply with this offer?" inquired the bearer of the flag of truce.
"Blood kneed deep first!" replied Francis Brown, with startling emphasis.

While all this parley—the last clause of which was enough to frighten the oldest and toughest soldier—an American officer with his staff returning from the Niagara frontier, was accidentally seen passing from one wooded point to another. This with other very curious circumstances, confirmed the Britons in the belief that a large American army was collected, and that the Yankee officers shammed ignorance for the purpose of enticing them on the shore to be slaughtered and annihilated. No sooner had the flag of truce got back to the fleet, than a shower of bombs and balls was sent from each vessel. The attack was immediately acknowledged with great spirit. How? Why, a rusty old six pounder had been mounted on a log and secured up for the occasion, and as soon as it could be charged, it was "let off" on the thirteen English vessels. A few hours were spent in this manner, and Sir James Yeo, assured that he could not be in safety in that vicinity, and with one of his vessels badly shattered by the scores of log-mounted six pounder, run down to Putneyville, about 20 miles eastward of the Genesee river. There they learned how thirty-eight or forty green militia-men had beaten off and prevented a large British fleet from landing by a very successful *Yankee Trick*.

As soon as the keen edge of mortification was worked off, Sir James and all his people laughed at the stratagem and its results. It was a noble Yankee trick, that.

POST OFFICE ADVERTISING.
Having complained of the Post-Master for discharging the Advertising of Letters between the Evening Journal and Argus, it is proper to say that the question was referred to the Post-Master General, whose decision was in our favor. The Advertising, therefore, comes to the Evening Journal under that section of the Post Office Law which gives it to the paper having the largest circulation.
Albany Ecce Journal.

GEN. WASHINGTON'S FIRST THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION.

After the adoption of the Constitution, and the organization of the Government, Congress passed a resolution requesting the President to appoint a day of Thanksgiving and Prayer. We presume very few have ever read his beautiful and appropriate Proclamation:

By the President of the United States of America.

A PROCLAMATION.

Whereas, it is the duty of all nations to acknowledge the Providence of Almighty God, to obey his will, to be grateful for his benefits, and humbly implore his protection and favor; and whereas both Houses of Congress have, by their Joint Committee, requested me to recommend to the People of the United States, a day of Public Thanksgiving and Prayer, to be observed by acknowledging with grateful hearts, the many and signal favors of Almighty God, especially by affording them an opportunity of peaceably establishing a form of Government for their safety and happiness: Now, therefore, I do recommend and assign, Thursday, the Twenty-sixth day of November next, to be devoted by the People of these States, to the service of the great and glorious Being who is the beneficent author of all the good that was, that is, that will be.—That we then all unite in rendering unto him our sincere and humble thanks for his kind care and protection of the People of this Country previous to its becoming a nation, for the signal and manifold mercies, and the favorable interpositions of his Providence in the course and conclusion of the late war; for the great degree of tranquility, union, and plenty, which we have since enjoyed; for the peaceable and rational manner in which we have been enabled to establish Constitutions of government for our safety and happiness, and particularly the national one more lately instituted; for civil and religious liberty with which we are blessed, and the means we have of acquiring and diffusing useful knowledge, and in general for all the great and various favors which he hath been pleased to confer upon us. And also, that we may then unite in most humbly offering our prayers and supplications to the great Lord and Ruler of nations, and beseech him to pardon our national and other transgressions; to enable us all, whether in public or private stations, to perform our several and national duties, properly and prudently; to render our national government a blessing to all people, by constantly being a government of wise, just, and constitutional laws discreetly and faithfully executed and obeyed; to protect and guide all sovereigns and nations, (especially, such as have shown kindness unto us), and bless them with good government, peace and concord; to promote the knowledge of true religion and virtue, and the increase of science amongst us; and generally to grant unto all mankind such a degree of temporal prosperity as he alone knows to be best.

Given under my hand, at the city of New York, the 3d day of October, in the year of our Lord, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

ANECDOTE OF REUBEN NATHANS.

We derive the annexed communication from a correspondent:—There are probably many people now living, who remember the celebrated Jew quack-doctor, Reuben Nathans, who lived some forty years since, and whose medicines, the "Chinese Balsam of Life," and the "Celebrated Hair-Invigorating Lotion," made so much noise at that time. But few, I presume, have heard of the anecdote I am about to relate concerning him. When the Doctor's medicines were first announced to the world, a simple-minded laboring man purchased one bottle of the Lotion and another of the Balsam, for his wife, who had a consumptive cough of many years' standing, and was besides threatened with the total loss of her hair. The woman used both remedies according to directions, and as usual with ignorant people in such cases, thought they were really doing her a vast deal of good. The cough seemed to her to be going away rapidly; she "breathed freer," while her hair appeared to be coming back again thicker than ever. As a natural consequence, she felt very great confidence in the medicines; and when the first lot of Balsam was all used, she sent her husband to get the bottle filled again. The doctor asked the man how the medicine operated?

"Oh, grandly," replied the husband; "my wife's cough's e'en a'most gone, and her hair all coming back again, as fiery as ever."

"Ah," said the doctor, "that's the way my medicines always work. There's no mistake about them. There's no mistake about them. They're just what I call them, 'the greatest wonders of the age.' I 'spose you've no objection to give me your affidavit?"

"Oh, no," replied the man; "that's just what my wife wants me to do."

The couple then repaired to the mayor's office, where an affidavit was drawn up, sworn to, and witnessed. On returning to the doctor's shop, the quack took up the empty bottle, for the purpose of refilling it. Uncorking it, he put it to his nose, and smelt of it.

"Why, what can this mean?" he exclaimed, in some astonishment; and then, after looking at the label, he smelt of it again. "Why, sir, this isn't balsam, though the label says so, but the hair lotion!"

"Hair lotion or not," replied the man, pointing to the bottle, "that's what cured my wife's dreadful cough, and the stuff in the other bottle at home, is what made her hair grow again!"

"Strange! strange!" repeated the doctor, with a puzzled countenance; "I don't know what to make of it. Will you be kind enough, sir, just to step back, and get me the other bottle—the hair lotion, I mean?"

The man did so, and soon returned with the lotion bottle. The doctor took it, and applied his nose to the mouth.

"And this," said he, "is just as surely the balsam, as the other is the lotion. Don't you think there was some mistake on your part, sir? Are you sure, that what was in this bottle, made your wife's hair grow again?"

"Just as certain as I'm alive," replied the man; "for I always turned it out myself, while Betsy held the spoon."

The doctor sat down in chair, and, laying a finger on his nose, seemed buried in profound thought. "Ah! I see!" he at length exclaimed, and jumping up, he filled the empty bottle again.—"There, sir," said he, giving it to the man, and hurrying him to the door; all's right, sir; I was a little bothered, that's all. Call again when that's gone, and you shall have another for nothing."

As soon as he had shut the door on his customer, the doctor called in his "confidential" man from the "laboratory."

"Moshes," said he, "we've made a great mistake in our guess work, after all. I've been studying 'er hard lately, and have just discovered that our lotion is the stuff to cure the coughs and the consumptions, and the balsam is the best to make the hair grow! We must change the labels."

"That's unlucky," replied the man, "for we've got four thousand bottles, two thousand of each kind, all ready to send away to-morrow."

"Vel, vel," said the doctor, "you can change the labels if you have time; if not, send them off as they are. Tlan! tlan! tlan!"

[The following extract of a letter from the topographical engineer of Col. Kearny's late Expedition to the Rocky Mountains, to his friends in this town, alluding as it does to regions and events of general interest at the present time, it is believed will not be unacceptable to our readers.]—Eng.

Washington, Sept. 22, 1845.
I arrived here last Monday, and if you have not received a letter from — for the last two weeks, you have probably not yet heard of my return from the Rocky Mountains—which I now formally announce to you.

We arrived at Fort Leavenworth on the 24th of August, after an absence of ninety-nine days, during which time we had traveled about 2,200 miles—had seen the waters that flow into the Pacific, the mountains covered with perpetual snow, had eaten plenty of buffalo meat, and had seen thousands of Indians. But I suppose you would rather have a little more detailed account of our trip, which I proceed to give you.

On the 17th of May, Col. Kearny started from Fort Leavenworth with 250 dragoons. I was to accompany the expedition as the topographical officer, but not knowing the time they intended to start, I was not ordered to leave here [Washington] until too late, and did not arrive at Fort L. until four days after their departure. However, the Col. had left orders for me to follow them, and the next day, with half a dozen dragoons as an escort, I started off to overtake the main body, supposing that they would travel about 15 miles a day, and that I could easily catch them in about five days. They left a plain trail behind them which I had no difficulty in following. But instead of 15 miles a day, I found from their camps that they were traveling at least 25; and as I was only provisioned for seven days, I had to make in one day the march they made in two, so that fifty miles was the least distance I could travel in any one day. I had two pack horses with me to carry my instruments and baggage, and to add to my troubles, after the third day, these were unable to keep up. Taking one dragoon and a gentleman who was to accompany the expedition as an amateur, I started out the next morning, and by traveling 60 miles that day, and about 75 the next, we at last overtook them. The men whom I left behind were to follow as fast as they could. The Colonel left me two mules to take the place of the horses that had given out, and went on, I waiting for my other men. After waiting two days, they came up—the horses were replaced by the mules—and in two days more I overtook the command again, and did not leave it until we returned to Fort Leavenworth. This fast traveling was the hardest work that I had ever done, not being much used to riding on horseback; for the first two days I was unable to stand in the evening after dismounting from my horse, but I soon became hardened to it, and I believe I could have ridden for the whole 24 hours without dismounting.

About 270 miles from Fort L. we struck the Platte River, and continued along that river and its North Fork to Fort Laramie, a post of the American Fur Company; this is about 600 miles from Fort Leavenworth. Here we saw about 1200 Sioux Indians. They were very much scared at the sight of so many armed white men, as they had not believed there were so many in the whole United States; and when any one told them how numerous the people of this country were, they told him he lied. We had a talk with them, telling them they must behave themselves, and not kill any more white men, and must spill all the whiskey the traders brought into their country; they said they would, and when we came back to Laramie they told us they had spilt several barrels, which I believe was a fact.

From Fort L. we went to the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains, where we arrived on the 30th of June. We crossed the Pass, and immediately returned to Laramie, arriving there about the middle of July. From there we went to Bent's Fort, on the Arkansas. This is another trading post where buffalo robes are bought from the Indians, and is about 400 miles south of Fort Laramie. We stayed here a day, but saw no Indians. From this place to Fort Leavenworth is about 600 miles, which later place we reached, as I said before, on the 24th of August.

We had a very pleasant trip, as far as weather and health were concerned. We had scarcely any rain, and very few persons were sick. As for myself, I never was in better health than during the whole trip. The only drawback was, that we traveled so fast that there was no time for hunting and other amusements which we would like to have engaged in. Every night we were tired, and glad enough to get to bed early.

My business was to take the latitude and longitude as we went along, to take the distance we traveled, and to keep a journal. I am to make a map of the route pursued by the expedition, and what is to be done with the journal (which is not yet written out), I do not know. For the purpose of making the map, I am now stationed here.

Interesting Relic.—Some persons who were engaged in digging a well on the estate of Phineas J. Stone, on Bunker Hill, on Saturday last, dug up several human skeletons, bullets, copper coins, buttons, &c. The place where these remains and relics were found, is supposed to have formed a part of one of the main encampments at the time of the battle, and that the bodies were covered up where they fell, or were thrown in immediately after the conflict. On several of the buttons were the numbers of the regiments to which the wearers belonged. They seem to have been members of the British army, as it is known that no such buttons were worn by the Americans.—Boston Eagle.

Petrified Bodies.—A discovery has lately been made, which will render it unnecessary in future to carve statues of distinguished persons—but every one may become his own statue if he pleases.—A gentleman of Troy has taken out a patent for petrifying dead bodies—after some preparation the body is immersed in a liquid, that in the space of fourteen days renders it as solid as a rock of marble. The cost, it is said, will be but trifling, at least it will be considered so by those who may desire to preserve departed friends.

It is a curious fact, as stated by the Troy Budget, that a bouquet of fresh flowers immersed in the liquid, will in a few days be as solid and durable as though carved out of marble.—Eve. Mirror.